

Last Time

*Three Is A Powerful
Number - II*

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Last Time by Aibohp

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Summary:

The night of the circle jerk.

This is connected to 'Meek and Mild' but can be read on it's own.

Last Time

Author's Note:

This was supposed to be a quick and dirty circle jerk and ended up getting entirely out of control. Now while I'm here I have to admit that some of y'all will probably feel like the boys are a little out of character in places? I plan on writing more to explore that. Feel free to hmu if you just wanna talk about the Losers in general. I really loved this book (I'm very slowly rereading it now) and I'm always down to rant about my favorite ragtag group of clown fighting, Ka-bound children. Anyway, enjoy!

alright... this is fine... go through all that effort to try and **bold** and *italicize* shit and it's just like, 'Naah us words will do whatever we feel like.'

Bill couldn't pinpoint the exact moment that Richie, Bill, and Eddie became *RichieBill'n'Eddie*.

The Losers were a tactile bunch, at least with each other. It was commonplace for them to watch TV at Mike's or Bill's house sprawled out on the floor and chairs, casually leaning into each other. During nights when Bill's parents were out and as many of them as possible would crowd into his empty home, it was normal for them to crowd into his room and press together in sleep to ward off the nightmares that so often haunted them.

None of them would ever remember the dreams, just the intense feeling of terror that had sent them screaming into wakefulness. They would all draw to the afflicted, swaddling them in the protective cover of love and friendship. For Stan they would all crowd into the bathroom and hallway outside while he took the most scalding shower of his life. With Richie they'd crack jokes. Mike liked being reliving their fondest memories of each other. Ben would thrive on their poorly sung renditions of his favorite pop songs and Beverly's fingers running through his hair. Eddie would benefit from running, surprisingly enough. His mother would have had such a fit if she

knew her darling Eddie would take off running through the neighborhood in the middle of the night with his friends.

And then there was Beverly, who wanted nothing more than space after most of her nightmares. She'd prop herself up on the floor by Bill's bed where Richie and Ben would hold her hands but otherwise avoid touching her entirely. Bill would quietly tell a story about a might heroine who befriended monsters and waged war on those who had hurt her. He was the exact opposite of Beverly after his nightmares. When it was Bill's turn for comforting he wanted contact. They would draw him in and crush against him so tightly that he could barely breathe. There was just nothing more comforting to him than the feeling of someone in his arms (usually Eddie) and someone wrapped around his back (either Richie, Mike, or Beverly), his head pillowed on someone's chest or stomach where he could hear the thump of their heart or the rise and fall of their breathing. It was just the reassurance that everyone was alive and well, and that he was just as real to them as they were to him.

Then at some point, holding Eddie and muffling his sniffles in the boy's hair became Eddie turning in his arms to hold him back. He started running his slim, cool hands over Bill's face, wiping away tears and running his fingers through his hair till he calmed. Then one night when he just couldn't be calmed, Eddie had leaned in and kissed him. It was a quick, dry peck, first on his lips and then all over his face. He hadn't seem to care at all what the others would think. Not that they thought anything of it at all. Since they were eleven loving Bill had seemed as natural as breathing.

A little after that, when Richie slept behind him, his hands would start to roam up and down Bill's side and he would whisper quiet, sincere comforts into his ear. His first kiss from Richie had been more timid than Eddie's. Bill almost hadn't recognized what it was at all. That was how lightly Richie had ghosted his lips over Bill's shoulder. How funny, Bill would think later, that it had been Eddie to be so bold while Richie suddenly turned shy.

From there things just seemed to progress for the three of them, like a snowball rolling downhill. Casually leaning against each other

while watching TV turned into purposeful cuddling. The kisses started to come not just at night but during the day, stolen moments hidden from the prying eyes of others. And then it was just hiding it from their parents, at last for Bill and Eddie. The shorter boy had no qualms with stealing a kiss from Bill in the middle of a hallway at school, making Bill flush and cast a quick look around before slipping his fingers into Eddie's belt loop to keep him close. Richie's kisses were no less sweet or meaningful but they were private. They were for the darkened back row of a movie theatre or behind the closed doors of Bill's often empty house.

And nothing seemed to have changed between Eddie and Richie themselves until the day that Bill had tried to hold Richie's hand in Basey Park. All seven of them had been together, walking over the kissing bridge. Richie's hand had brushed against Bill's as they walked and thinking nothing of it, Bill had laced their fingers together. There had been only the briefest pause before Richie had ripped his hand away and given him the most horrified look that Bill had ever seen.

It stung and Bill had taken one sharp breath before biting his lip and looking away, shoulders hunched. Nothing dramatic happened for the rest of the day but Mike had drifted to walk between him and Richie. Beverly and Eddie had given him a variety of dirty looks as well but Bill hadn't noticed that.

Now Bill wouldn't be there for Richie and Eddie's first kiss. But later on they would both show up at his house, Richie with a slightly bloodied lip and Eddie with a smug look on his face. Eddie had gone to reprimand Richie for his reaction to Bill trying to hold his hand. Which inevitably led to the exchange of venomous, waspish words and the admission that Richie was scared. He was scared of his feelings for Bill, scared of what it meant.

It had meant there was just one more thing that his mother would hate about him. He couldn't even have simply told her he was gay because he wasn't. He still like girls. They were pretty, and soft, and they smelled so good. But then boys had their appeal too. Especially redheads with anxious, clear blue eyes and shy smiles.

Apparently that wasn't a good enough excuse for Eddie. After all he

was scared too. The difference was he didn't crave his mother's approval. If anything a dark part of him would have been delighted to see the look of horror that would have drawn over her fat, pasty face if she were to catch wind of what he was up to with Bill. She'd want him in the hospital that instant! He would need to be tested for HIV because, according to Mrs. Kasprak AIDS was God's, way of punishing all the fags in the world.

They told Bill all this when they came to his house. When he asked what happened to Richie's lip Richie had flushed and Eddie grinned. Somehow Richie had come to the conclusion that it would be better if he stopped whatever he was doing with with Bill, because they never had come up with a name for what the three of them had been doing. Then Eddie had called him an idiot and attacked him with a harsh, angry kiss because it wasn't like it was *just* Bill that wanted him to be a part of their little ménage à trois. The result had been Eddie biting Richie's lip hard enough to draw a little blood.

Things changed again, but Bill thought that at the same time they settled. They had found their balance. None of the Losers seemed to care, save for Stan who had been just slightly disgruntled by the fact that the concept of the three of them being in a relationship with each other. He got over it quickly enough. Stan just thrived on the normal. He liked things to be neat and orderly. The rest, however, seemed to think the development was just as natural as the sun rising in the East.

So the three of them would cuddle, and kiss, and hold hands. It was sweet and wonderful. Bill couldn't have wanted anything more, at least not until he came to the realization that he was 17 and fully aware of what his dick was for.

Now Bill was an attractive boy but he hadn't had much in the way of girlfriends before. There had been a few but they never lasted long. They didn't like his friends, most notably Beverly, and that was just too bad. He'd rather have the Losers than some girl to hold hands with at the movies. That being said, Bill probably could have hooked up with at least one of them. He'd even blatantly had some ask if he wanted to fool around. At the time he hadn't been appalled by the idea but her certainly wasn't tempted.

It wasn't that he didn't like girls at all. He supposed if he tallied up

his wet dreams and the things he'd think about in the middle of the night when he was alone in bed with his hand wrapped around his dick, it'd come up that he thought of girls just as much as boys. That is until he started dating Richie and Eddie. After that it was them he thought about just about every time.

Never once did it occur to him that people outside the Losers would find that strange. He didn't think much of the fact that he'd never really wanted to have sex with anyone before now, either. Why would he have wanted those girls who hadn't known him long enough to care about him? Why would he want to do something so intimate with people he hardly cared about?

Things were different with Richie and Eddie.

The only hitch in their giddyup was that Bill was unsure of how to broach the subject of sex when Richie and Eddie seemed entirely content with their kissing and cuddling as it was. There had been a few instances where their petting had gotten a little heavy in the dead of night, when the two of them would come stay at his house. They had long since migrated from sleeping bags on the floor to crowding into Bill's bed with him. It was a tight fit but it wasn't as though they minded the close proximity to one another. As such it wasn't unusual to occasionally wake up being poked in the hip. Every time they'd wake up, bashfully hiding their boners and, in Richie's case, start making jokes about how he'd nearly put his own eye out.

Even if Bill was a little shy about his involuntary erections he was eager to get to the point where they weren't taking turns hiding in the bathroom and dealing with them on their own. The most logical thing to do was ask the rest of the Losers what he should do about the whole thing. So Bill had called up the rest of them, asking to meet at the library one afternoon. Obviously Richie and Eddie weren't invited to their little get together.

They had gathered at one of the tables farthest away from any other library patrons and as soon as Bill asked his question, Stan had covered his face with his hands and groaned. His ears and neck had turned an impressive shade of red, though. Ben flushed with embarrassment himself and reached up to pat Stan sympathetically on the back. Mike snickered quietly, whether it was Bill or Stan he

was laughing at was unclear. Beverly had giggled and grinned mischievously. She was obviously delighted that Bill had come to them for help.

“Seeing as I’m not fishing for dick I don’t think I can help you much,” Ben said, shrugging his shoulders. “But I understand being shy? I mean... I still don’t know what to tell you? Even though I’m shy if the girl I liked wanted to get their hands on me I’d probably let them.”

His admission had come with an even deeper blush and a sidelong glance at Beverly who he found was looking back at him with a sly look and a Cheshire grin. Beside him Stan shook his head, moving his hands from his face to his ears.

“I’m not hearing this. I love you guys. You’re my best friends. I don’t want to know this much about your dicks.”

Mike and Beverly started chuckling again.

“I say just tell them that you’re looking to ya know, level up,” Mike suggested, cocking his head to the side. “What’s the worst that will happen? They say they wanna wait?”

Bill shrugged had squirmed quietly in his chair and shrugged. “I gu-gu-guess but I just... I feel like I’m being too p-p-pushy just asking. Maybe I-I should just wait till one of them s-says something?”

“You’re all wrong,” Beverly said chipperly, reaching out to take Bill’s hands. “You’re more sure of yourself than they are, that’s all. You’ve always been great at seeing what you want and going after it! I’m the same way. It’s why we never started dating. The universe knew we would take over the world together,” she teased, making Bill snort. “Just play to your strengths. You’re great with words but you’re better at writing than talking.”

That little talk had given Bill an idea.

Later that night he firstly, thanked God for cell phones, and two made a post in the group chat that Richie, Eddie, and he shared that made him blush all the way to the roots of his hair.

BigBill: *So... did you guys know I think of you when I touch myself?*

As soon as he hit send he put his phone in the drawer in his bedside table and then covered his face with a second pillow and waited. He had a plan. Once they replied he was going to just wing it and try to be... seductive. So it was a little of what Mike and Ben had suggested, and a little of what Beverly had suggested.

The phone went off moments later, rattling and beeping in his nightstand. After taking a moment to prepare himself, he yanked open the drawer, grabbed his phone and looked at what had been said

Bill may have been shy and a little awkward but he wasn't a coward.

EddieSpaghetti: *What the hell, Bill? My mother is making me watch TV with her and I just about dropped my phone in a bowl of popcorn! Do you know how suspicious she would have gotten?! What even brought that up?*

Trashmouth: *Thinking about us, apparently.*

EddieSpaghetti: *Shut up, you walking garbage person!*

EddieSpaghetti: *What do you think about us doing?*

Trashmouth: *Are you seriously going to start sexting with your mom in the same room? You need Jesus.*

Trashmouth: *Are you touching yourself right now?*

BigBill: *Not yet and... Ya know stuff.*

Oh yes. Bill was indeed a mighty wordsmith. Taking a deep breath he started to move his thumbs again before either of the other boys could say anything else.

BigBill: *I think about how we usually sleep when you spend the night at my place. Like how Eddie sleeps in front of me and Richie sleeps behind. When I touch myself I think about Eddie leaving hickies all over my neck while Richie reaches around me to jerk me off.*

After hitting send Bill dropped his phone on his chest and dragged a

pillow over his face. It was blessedly cool against his flushing cheeks. He felt embarrassed and exposed saying all that and he doubted it would be the end of things. There was something else he was feeling too and that was his dick straining against his boxers. It wasn't entirely surprising, considering the topic of conversation.

His phone went off, vibrating against his chest and cutting through the silence of his room with a little jingle.

EddieSpaghetti: *Richie was right. This was a mistake. I have a fucking boner.*

Trashmouth: *Naughty boy. Better pray your mom goes to bed before you. Now as for you, Billy Boy... is that it?*

Trashmouth: *I mean i know this is your fantasy and all but you're not even going to return the favor?*

BigBill: *No. I mean no that's not all. After you make me cum I think about you making me lick your hand clean and then sucking Eddie's dick while you get yourself off against my ass.*

Bill was pretty sure he was going to die. Richie was his regular old trashmouthy self when he didn't have to look them in the face. Not much of a surprise there. What was a surprise is that Bill was wondering what would come out of Richie's mouth if he got him worked up enough in person.

Feeling his dick twitch at the thought made Bill whimper and he gave in to the urge to slide his hand down his belly and into his boxers. He hissed quietly and rolled his head back against his pillow as he wrapped his hand around his his dick. His phone started going off again moments later but he ignored it in favor of giving himself a few slow, tight strokes. Three alerts later and Bill finally picked up his phone again.

EddieSpagettih: *I'm down.*

Trashmouth: *Who would have guessed you were such a bottom.*

Trashmouth: *I mean I like it but who would have guessed!*

BigBill: *You want me to suck your dick, Eddie?*

EddieSpaghetti: *Right? I would have thought it was gonna be you, Richie.*

EddieSpaghetti: *Wtf Bill? Yes. What kind of question is that?*

BigBill: *Does that mean you wanna come over tomorrow?*

Silence.

Bill had started to think that maybe his plan had backfired when he got two messages, one right after the other.

EddieSpaghetti: Okay

Trashmouth: Okay

And that was what lead to Bill, Richie, and Eddie sitting in a circle on Bill's bed, naked and refusing to meet each other's eyes. Their knees were touching and Bill chewed nervously on his lip as he looked between the two. They had spent the day normally enough, watching TV and playing video games. Then, when they came up stairs and got ready to bed they just didn't bother putting on their pajamas.

"So... Here we are. Naked," Eddie said awkwardly, glancing from Bill to Richie.

"Yep. What's the etiquette here? Like how do you go from watching Jurassic Park to sucking dick? And I mean Bill is the only one who came prepared," Richie teased, motioning toward Bill who flushed shyly.

"I think this sort of thing is supposed to just like, happen organically," Eddie said, shrugging his shoulders. "And leave Bill alone. I don't know if teasing him is really constructive right now."

"Y-Y-You guys know we don-d-d-don't have to do any--anything," Bill flushed, biting his lip. Richie wasn't wrong. He was already hard whereas both Richie and Eddie were awkwardly nervous and soft.

"How do you have any Goddamn blood left to go to your face?"

“Beep-Beep, Richie! It isn’t that I don’t want to it’s just... First times are supposed to be awkward, right,” Eddie said, questioningly, making Bill smile and shrug his shoulders a little.

“P-Probably,” Bill said, biting his lip and glancing between the two again. “W-We still d-don’t have to do a-all th-that stuff I wa-was talking about. What--what if w-we just..” Rather than trying to stutter through the rest of his sentence he leaned in to kiss Eddie and then Richie while lightly dragging his fingers down the boy’s stomach and down to where his still soft dick rested.

He felt Richie gasp bite down on his bottom lip before pulling back to gasp quietly. His bright, blue eyes looked back at him with a sort of awe as Bill started to stroke him. A flush started to rise in his cheeks but it was nothing compared to the redness that had flooded all the way down to Bill’s chest.

“Wh-what if we just t-t-ouch each other,” Bill asked quietly, before turning to Eddie for another kiss. He used his free hand to guide Eddie’s hand to his own dick while their lips were locked.

The whole time he kept moving his hand over Richie, who was steadily rising to the occasion. It was a little awkward because of the angle he had to move his hand at but it wasn’t vastly different than touching his own. He could feel the other boy’s eyes on both him and Eddie as they kissed. And apparently Eddie was pretty okay with the idea of just touching. If he was nervous at all it didn’t show in the firm grip that he had on Bill’s dick.

Bill moaned into the kiss and pulled back, his eyes fluttering open to meet Eddie’s dark brown ones. There was a flush across his nose and cheeks, making his freckles stand out more darkly and then his mouth dropped open and his eyes dropped shut. Apparently Richie hadn’t needed much encouragement to complete the circle. Slowly, Bill’s gaze drifted below the belt as he found himself a little mesmerized to watch Eddie’s dick growing to fill Richie’s hand. Bill’s head was fuzzy and there was a warm tingle in the small of his back that seemed to radiate both up his spine and down his folded legs to the souls of his feet. Everything felt so different and more intense

when someone else was touching you.

Then suddenly Richie's hand jumped out to pinch his left nipple which had had peaked in his arousal and made Bill let out a startled yelp. His eyes jerked back up to meet Richie's and the boy was grinning at him. Bill's hand squeezed slightly and he felt his own dick twitch in Eddie's hand at that look. The involuntary tightening of Bill's hand had Richie's eyes fluttering for a moment as he groaned, which was soon followed by a quiet noise from Eddie. His thumb skittered over the head of Bill's dick and the redhead sucked in a shuddering breath. It was like a ripple effect.

"Fuck, Bill. I mean you've made it very clear you love dick," Richie panted, watching as Bill flushed and squirmed just a little. Biting his lip. "I mean you've blown off every girl who ever looked your way for us two Losers, but can you really not help staring like that?"

Bill, who didn't want to try fighting through the stutter he knew would tangle his tongue, simply shook his head. Moments after his eyes drifted down to his own hand wrapped around Richie. The head kept disappearing and reappearing from his fist and was flushed red. Bill couldn't help but lick his slips as a clear pearl of precum beaded at the tip. For a moment it caught the soft yellow light from the lamp on the table by his bed and then Bill swiped his thumb through it.

"There you go again," Richie groaned. He had released Bill's nipple when he started to tease him and now he lifted his hand to curl his fingers under the boy's chin and run his thumb over Bill's spit-slick lip. "You really want my dick in your mouth that bad? You're practically drooling."

"Cool it Rich," Eddie said, still managing to sound annoyed despite the way he was panting.

"Don't be a bitch! I think he likes it." Richie looked back at Bill with a smug grin. "Do you like it when I make fun of you while you jerk me off?" he asked smugly while Eddie glared at him.

From the corner of his eye, Bill could see Eddie look to him with sympathy but he didn't think that Eddie really had that much pity for him. His hand had stopped moving and Eddie had started to simply

circle the head of his dick with his thumb. Bill nodded dumbly at Richie, breathing hard as he squirmed. He didn't think that he could have strung more than a couple words together at a time if he tried. His brain was just too fried and every time Eddie's thumb stroked over the tip of his dick there was a pulse of fuzzy warm pleasure that rippled through him. There was no way he could have voiced it at the time but he felt as if his entire body was going to dissolve into nothing.

"No. I want you to say it," Richie said, shaking his head. Bill managed to pull a groan out of him by tightening his hand on the upstroke and giving him a miserable look. "Fuck... Don't give me those puppy eyes. Come on. Say, "I like it when you make fun of me while I jerk you off, Richie."

Bill whined in the back of his throat and bit hard into his lip. There was no way he was going to be able to do it. He didn't even have to open his mouth to know. It wasn't just his tongue stuttering now, it was his fucking brain.

"I li-li-li... I like.. I like... it w-w-w-when," Bill stuttered, suddenly feeling a little like he might cry. The sensation of being touched by someone else for the first time and the frustration of not being able to fucking talk was just too much. He took a gasping breath to try and steady himself and then he was suddenly caught off guard by his own orgasm. The words just came flowing out of him. "I like it when you make fun of me while I jerk you off."

He nearly shouted the words, not caring enough to be thankful that his parents weren't home yet. It felt as though every bone in his body had disappeared and he felt a little cool and numb all over but especially from the waist down. Bill looked down at himself, breathing hard and shaking because Eddie hadn't stopped yet. There was cum on his stomach and Eddie's hand and a bit that was still oozing weakly from the tip of his dick. Eddie kept swirling his thumb in it over and over and Jesus christ Bill thought he was going to die. It felt so good that it almost hurt and he wanted the feeling to last forever but also for it to stop because it was just too much. His hand had gotten loose and shaky around Richie and he slowly let go all together so he could claw helplessly at the blankets they were sitting on.

“E-E-Eddie,” Bill whimpered pitifully, reaching out to grab the boy’s arm. He couldn’t fucking talk. Thankfully Eddie seemed to get the message because he let Bill go.

Bill’s eyes roamed from Eddie who was looking curiously at the cum on his hand to Richie who had left the other boy to his own devices and taken over where Bill left off. All he wanted to do now was curl up in bed and watch. He felt like everything under his skin had been replaced with jelly. But then Eddie was cupping the back of his neck and moving his dirtied hand to Bill’s mouth.

“Clean it up.”

Dark eyes kept Bill pinned in place and he didn’t even think before leaning forward to lick at the stretch of skin between Eddie’s thumb and forefinger. It tasted tangy and salty and Eddie looked like he wanted to eat him alive. He felt like he might do just that when he dove in for a kiss. One hand ended up on the side of Bill’s neck holding him still while Bill could feel the other moving between them. Occasionally Eddie’s fist would brush against his stomach. It was easy to ignore, though, with how the shorter boy was practically devouring his mouth.

Eddie had slipped his tongue into Bill’s mouth, stroking it over his hard palate and the back of his teeth. Then he bit down on his lip hard enough to make Bill yelp. Vaguely he could feel the bed shifting on his other side and Richie’s muttered, ‘Holy fuck’. But mostly his attention was on the tingling in his mouth when Eddie let his lip go so he could press their foreheads together with a groan as he came on Bill’s stomach. He dropped a few more kisses on Bill’s cheeks and nose. A sticky hand cupped his cheek but

“Fucking Christ, Bill,” Richie said, drawing Bill’s gaze to him. “You’re such a little freak, you know that?” He chuckled and Bill felt the tell-tale prickle of heat in his cheeks and back of his neck but he didn’t think that his face could possibly get any more red than it already was. “This is your first fucking time doing anything with another person and you’re just letting us cum on you and eating the stuff up like it’s cream!” He was kneeling beside Bill and Eddie, one hand on Eddie’s shoulder and the other hand pumping his dick as he stared at the two of them. “I mean this guy is rubbing his jizz on your face and

you're loving it! What if we invited the rest of the guys over and got a bukakke party goin on?" Richie was panting but he still managed to chuckle, possibly at the way Bill had bitten his lip and dropped his gaze down to Richie's dick.

"Well if you think he likes to get cummed on so much then why don't you be a good boy and cum on him," Eddie said a little defensively. Later on Bill would have to reassure him that he didn't mind Richie. He wasn't even that surprised. His nickname was "Trashmouth" it was expected that he'd be the type to say some absolutely filthy things. In that moment, though he was mesmerized by the up and down of Richie's hand and how Eddie's utterance of "..be a good boy.." seemed to be something a trigger. He came, much like Eddie, on Bill's stomach and side. "Look at that. Seems like you're kind of a freak, too."

Whatever lusty, dreamlike bubble that had descended upon them burst then. All three of them started to chuckle. Bill flopped onto his back, chuckling. Eddie settled beside him and Richie sat at his hip, all of them giddy and exhausted. The chuckles eventually fizzled out and they laid there, naked, panting, and basking in the warm afterglow of their first foray into sex with each other.

"You know I didn't mean that stuff about the rest of the guys and shit, right," Richie said quietly, breaking the silence and lightly drawing his fingers through the drying, pearlescent fluid on Bill's stomach. Their hips were pressed together and he was looking down at Eddie and Bill with a fond look.

"I-I know Richie," Bill said quietly, a shy smile gracing his face. "I l-like your trashmouth an-anyway." He reached up to tug Richie down so he was laying next to him.

"You both need Jesus," Eddie muttered from where his face was pressed into Bill's shoulder, arm stretched out over his ribs. When Richie was finally within range, Eddie laid his hand over his side and started to trace circles on the soft, pale skin there. "Or at least safe words. I didn't exactly expect a circle jerk to turn into an experiment in sexual humiliation."

Bill laughed at that. It had an almost giggly sort of tone to it but he

couldn't help it. He felt excited, but tired. Something had changed between them just a little. They'd known almost everything about each other for years. Now, though, they had gotten to know each other in a new and intimate way. In that moment Bill couldn't imagine a life without Richie and Eddie by his side.

Maybe he would have been someone entirely different. Maybe they all would have been. Eddie could have let the crushing weight of his mother's overbearing personality smother the angry, rebellious streak that Bill loved. Even if it made him worry just as much. Richie might have perfected his shields against the world. He could have become the type of person who always had the same face but never the same personality from one meeting to the next, instead of always coming back to the surprisingly tenderhearted but crude young man that kept Bill laughing. Without the two of them he may let himself fall entirely into his stories. He may have ended up falling in love with someone who only knew a perfected version of himself but not who or what had made him.

Author's Note:

I know I said this before but some things may have come off as being out of character for Bill, Richie, and Eddie. Or at least people will think so. I plan on writing more to explore why I feel like the ooc things aren't really that far out of the realm of their personalities, especially if the losers were never separated and allowed to influence each other's personalities as they grew up.